

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



JANUARY, 1931

Contents

The New Year -----	179
An Irish "Divina Commedia" -----	180
Voices of Night -----	184
Champions Again -----	185
The Urge To Rise -----	192
A New Star -----	198
The Power of Music -----	199
Life -----	202
Another Peace Plan -----	203
In Winter -----	207
Editorials -----	209
Exchanges -----	211
Library Notes -----	214
Societies -----	219
Alumni Notes -----	222
Locals -----	225
Athletics -----	231
Humor -----	240

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Collegeville, Indiana.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Collegeville, Ind., October 20,
1927, under Act of March 3, 1897.

VOL. XIX

JANUARY 15, 1931

NO. 4

THE NEW YEAR

Methought I saw a book inscribed with gold
Whose pages brilliant deeds and thoughts enfold
In stories true of life and work of man
That serve as frame to hold creation's plan.
Then next I heard bells ring throughout the sky,
As swiftly came an angel from on high
To turn the pages, yet all pearly white
On which the hand of God was still to write.

The angel spake, "I am the gay New Year
That comes to bring sweet joy and pleasant cheer.
Let those now dead with them enclose the past,
But as for you, take note what I forecast:
This present year shall all the world renew,
And give poor man of life a better view."

Jos. N. Wittkofski '32

AN IRISH "DIVINA COMMEDIA"

Few, if any of the great masterpieces of literature, even of those which bear the unmistakable imprint of original minds, are original in the popular sense of being invented completely as it were "out of the heads" of their authors. Rather frequently they are nothing more than developments or improvisations of forms and subjects already current; for it is quite truly said that it is mankind, and not individual men, that carries out the process of inventing. The wagon of Thespis preceded the stage of Aeschylus, while Thespis himself had predecessors who may not have adopted even the wagon. The great writers of epics and dramas in all countries took the larger and better part of their themes either from folklore, from myth, and from tales developed in the twilight of fable, or from history and fiction circulating in their own day. So it has been with practically every form of literature. As an illustration the "Divina Commedia" of Dante may be cited, which, though it is regarded as one of the most truly original creations of the human mind, yet it involves a ground plan that is as ancient as are the hoary days of old Homer. The main idea of this poem, the visit, namely, of a living man either in person or in vision, to the souls straying about in the world of the dead, and his report of what he saw and heard there, belongs to a class of world myths than which few are more widely distributed in place and time, and none have been more fortunate in the prominence gained for them by the outstanding masters of letters.

The concept in question occupied an important place in several of the ancient religions and afforded

subject matter to Homer, Plato, and Vergil, being later adopted by early Catholic writers among whom Dante exhausted the remarkable powers of this theme with so much noise and brimstone as to preclude any further development.

A religious prose text envisioning a journey through the land of disembodied spirits is the Irish production of the eleventh century after Christ entitled "Fis Adamnain." Its close resemblance to the great poem of Dante justifies calling it "An Irish 'Divina Commedia'." It is not known for certain that Dante had any acquaintance with this work when three centuries later he worked out the same theme, but it is surprising to find how very closely these two "Divina Commedias" resemble each other. But the literary atmosphere was densely charged for several centuries toward the close of the Middle Ages with material belonging to the themes of these works, and it is quite probable that, since the authors were both Catholics, similarity in religious belief is the only true connecting link that binds these works together in thought and purpose.

It has been quite a common mistake to attribute the authorship of "Fis Adamnain" to St. Adamnan, though it is very certain that the vision unfolded in this work is the same as related by the Saint to a certain Mordail. Whatever guess obtains relative to this matter is of trifling consequence, as it will in no way enhance the literary merit of the production as such. What is of consequence consists in the manner of working out the theme that had been chosen. Plainly the work is a serious attempt on the part of its author to construct in his own mind some distinct idea of life in the world to come, and to present his conception of this matter to his readers

in a coherent form. The "Fis" manifests a more complete grasp of its peculiar subject than does any preceding work of its kind. An elastic frame-work is another peculiarity designed by the author for the purpose of admitting a greater or lesser number of incidents just as taste might dictate without running the risk of impairing the general effect.

The first twenty chapters of the book offer a complete and nicely co-ordinated account of the soul's progress from death to judgment, followed by its relegation to the place deserved by merit or demerit. It would seem that to complete the scheme at the close of the first twenty sections all that would be necessary could be cast into one or two more paragraphs, but following the custom of mediaeval writers, the author frequently introduces additional details which are nothing more than common matters often used by writers in their descriptions of life in the spirit world. Just because many of these additional details appear to be only remotely connected with the main theme, critics have been led to suppose that the "Vision" was made up of two distinct versions.

There can be no rivalry between the "Fis Adamnain" and the much greater work of Dante, which stands out as the supreme literary achievement of the human intellect. To the Irish work, however, must be conceded a high degree of excellence to which it has rightfully attained and that even in spite of the sorry state of vernacular literature in Europe at the time when it was written. The wording in which it is set forth is consistent with the style as used by the best Irish writers of the eleventh century. It is simple, forceful, and picturesque. Throughout, the language is terse and suggestive without being

barren of enlivening ornament. It is but natural that many of the fine qualities of the "Fis" have disappeared in the process of translation.

The author of this work, whoever he was, knew how to inject life into what he wrote. He displays a sensibility to the beauties of nature that is not excelled in the case of the best romanticists. Being keenly alive to the amenities of woods and meadows, to flowers and birds, to the charm of color, to brightness and light of every kind, he employs these matters with a skill that is not easily matched. Above all, he shows delight in melodious sound, whether it be the music of strings or of the human voice, the notes of birds or the hum of bees, the rustling of leaves in the wind or the roar of falling water. To make his descriptions vivid and picturesque, all these things are brought into service and that, too, without straining after effect. His guiding characteristic is always simplicity and earnestness to which his description of the Heaven of the blessed and of the throne of the Almighty bears ample witness.

In several respects the author of the "Fis" differs widely from other writers who with him belong to the school of the mysterious. His work contains no dissertation on theology, moral or natural science; neither does he hold intercourse with the world of spirits nor with historical or mythical personages. There are no dramatic episodes such as the endless procession of life-like characters which makes the "Commedia" of Dante so startlingly impressive.

Finally, it may not be out of place to maintain that the subjects and characters of early Irish tradition and literature have often furnished themes for the masterly productions of later European authors as is evidently the case with the work here con-

sidered in its relation to a sixteenth century production, "The Mirror for Magistrates," by Sackville. But these vicarious intellectual triumphs are on a par with the victories which Irish arms have won for others, and that under banners not their own. Hence in praising the great masterpieces of succeeding centuries in the progress of letters, one must not forget to glance at their humble and lowly precursors in the literary domain where these have helped as it were "on the sideline" in producing the larger and better books of the world.

Lawrence J. Gowney '31

VOICES OF NIGHT

I strolled along a lonely path
 Beneath the moon's pale light;
While musing there, I listened to
 The voices of the night.

I heard the wind sing in the trees;
 The gurgle of the brook;
The twitt'ring talk of turtle doves
 Within some secret nook.

Then softly from a distant woods,
 Like spirits moaning low;
The eery call of somber owls
 Did on the breezes flow.

I heard a sighing in the reeds;
 The rushing of the rill;
From everywhere came melody,
 Though night, I thought, was still.

Carmen English '34

CHAMPIONS AGAIN

The final minutes of an exciting game were in progress. The fans were raving at an unexpected turn in the game. Valonia Hi, with but a one point lead, was slowly making sure of victory. For Shelton it would be difficult to face defeat. Here they were, last year's State champs, at the point of being defeated by a team that was known to have held a cellar position during the foregoing year. They were well on their way to another title until—well, until this game—and here they felt chagrined at probably accepting the short end of the score at the hands of a team usually unfit to take into consideration.

Slowly the minutes pass; if only Shelton would receive a break,—ah, here it comes, a personal foul is called on Valonia's guard; Makay, Shelton's forward receives the ball. Slowly he walks toward the foul line, stops, sets himself, raises his arms, the ball arches upward and swishes down through the net for one point. Tie score. Jump centers, a tip off to Makay, he passes to Baldwin under the basket; the ball goes up and a dismal groan comes from the gallery as the ball hits the rim and bounces out towards the center of the floor. Once more Shelton gets the ball, but this time Makay shoots and tallies a basket just as the whistle blows calling the game.

The Shelton rooters broke loose with a rattling cry for victory as their team trooped off the floor. In the locker room the Coach was waiting for his team. His eye fell upon Baldwin, and immediately he set about questioning him.

"Say, Baldy, what ails you? Do you realize that you didn't contribute anything towards the winning of the game today? I kept you in purposely

because I thought you would come across with a couple of points, but you turned out to be a big disappointment. Well, let me tell you that this won't happen again. See?"

"Honestly, Coach, I—I," but that was as far as he got, for Coach Merrill cut his reply short with a "Yes, we'll find out all about it in practice tomorrow."

Outside of the gym, Phil Baker clapped his friend Baldwin on the back as he emerged, and with true feeling said, "Tough, Baldy, old man, but I sure would have hated to see Valonia lick us. Golly, you missed a flock of easy shots. What's up?"

It was a gloomy 'Baldy' that walked beside his pal. After awhile he said, "Well, Phil, I guess I'm no good for Shelton anymore. I'm not trying to alibi for failure, but I tell you I'm a coward."

"Come on, kid, brace up; don't say that. You know you were the best player on the team last year. Why nobody in the State could put them in 'from under the basket' like you," Phil exclaimed.

"Yeah," replied Baldwin, "but those days are over. You saw what I did today and all because I am a coward."

"Where do you get that stuff?" Phil demanded.

"Well," Baldwin went on, "early in the game today, Miles of Valonia purposely jabbed his elbow in my ribs as I was about to shoot. After that every time I would be ready to shoot, I saw him near at hand and I got afraid that he would elbow me again. That put me way off my shots. Now if that doesn't prove that I'm yellow nothing will."

"Listen, Baldy," soothed Phil, "that ain't yellow; he just got your nanny, but the next time we'll fix him in some way."

The following practice was a repetition of the foregoing game. Shot after shot hit the rim and bounced away. Gone was the old accuracy to sink them. Not one basket did Baldwin score during the whole session. Coach Merrill was entirely out of sorts to see that his best forward should suddenly fall into such a slump that he could not even score on the second team. Up until this time the Coach thought that accidents, as that, happened only in stories to make them more interesting, but shucks, here was the actual thing happening, and on his team to boot. Well of all things!

After it was all over the Coach pulled Baldwin aside and said, "Baldy, I'm sorry, but you will have to take the bench for a couple of games. The only thing that I can tell you is to keep on practicing your shots."

Later on, when Baldwin met Phil he said, "What did I tell you yesterday, Phil? It happened again today. Why I'm afraid of my own man even. I'm as you know, on the bench for the game tomorrow."

"Aw, Baldy, don't get down in the mouth. Remember Jonah; he came out all right after the old whale took a chance to swallow him, and you'll come out of this slump too," was all his friend could say.

Baldwin, however, did not come out of his slump, as further periods of practice revealed. One evening an excited Phil Baker approached Baldwin and piped, "Say, kid, you should hear the swell idea I got all rigged out for you. Why man, in about two weeks you ought to be the best forward Shelton ever had or can expect to have."

"Come, Phil, cut the kidding," replied his pal, "you know I can't come across with the goods, but I'll take some of your excessive steam anyway."

There followed a hurried torrent of words on Phil's part, while Baldwin solemnly shook his head in doubt. Phil, however, would have his way as he exclaimed, "All right, if you come with me to the gym you'll find out different."

They went to the gym, the obvious thing to do. Then, for quite a few days nothing more was heard of the matter. One day, soon after, though, Phil advised the Coach to give Baldwin another chance. Coach Merrill nodded his head in approval, but promptly forgot about the matter, because he was sure that the age of miracles was past.

The season of hardwood thrills was drawing near an end, and as yet Baldwin had not appeared in the line-up since the day of his poor showing. It was, however, a changed fellow that reported for the practice games. In fact, the Coach saw him practicing odd shots all the time, but never the old favorite "from under the basket." Always it was from some peculiar angle. Still, the Coach figured that each man should play the position he was fitted for, in the way he had been instructed to play, and just so long as Baldwin did not care to regain his position by practicing short shots, well, some one else would have to be found to fill his place on the team.

It was more than three weeks now since that dreaded defeat of Valonia by Shelton, and during that time Shelton had fared none too well for a championship team. Of course, they won all their games, but by none too large a margin. Valonia, on the other hand, had taken heart at the turn of things, and was slowly becoming one of the teams singled out to play the tournament. Today, in fact, would settle which of the teams was superior, for Valonia would once more meet Shelton and vie for the honors

of victory. The winner of this tilt would have the title clinched for sure.

The gallery was packed. Hearty cheers and shouts voiced the approval of the spectators. Both teams pranced about the floor practicing shots and limbering up for the struggle. Even Baldwin was there in suit, but he was a minor character in the game today; the rooters had discovered that he was no longer a safe bet for victory. Nevertheless, Baldwin took many shots; he posed, and with a deft twist of the wrist sent the ball twirling through the air. Each shot dropped neatly through the basket.

Finally the game was called. Each man took his stand; the referee blew the whistle; the ball flashed into the air, and then followed a scramble. The teams were fairly matched. Valonia had the ball now, and her men executed passes, pivots, and dribbles with a precision that scored often for them. Shelton was not to be put off though. They knew that the results of this game meant the title. Despite the fact that they were lacking their best man, they played so well that at half-time the score stood at 18-18, a tie.

The second half found the game a mad whirlwind. The ball was seen passing here and there. Bodies flashed by, and the referee's whistle shrieked again and again. The rooters were in a frenzy. The score was even; now in favor of Valonia; now in favor of Shelton. Coach Merrill was furious, he feared that at any moment one of his men would give out. Daly, the forward who was 'sub' in Baldwin's place was lagging already in the plays. Oh, why did Baldwin ever go into that slump? Third quarter over. Valonia managed to out-do Shelton in

the last few seconds. The score now stood 28-24 in favor of Valonia.

"Hey, Coach," pleaded Baker, "give Baldy a chance; he'll win this game for you sure."

"He might, but there is only a rare chance," skeptically replied Coach Merrill.

Phil turned away downhearted; he had hoped to intercede successfully for Baldwin. Immediately the game resumed at a terrific pace. Again it resulted in a score for Valonia. Just before the next tip off, Coach Merrill called out desperately to his subs, "Come here you fellows!" He sized them all up, shook his head mournfully and pointed towards Baldwin, "Well, guy, I've got to put you in. Daly is about out, and I have to bench him. That bunch has a six point lead on us, maybe you can't make a point, but at least keep them from running up the score. See? Now use your gall."

"Come on now, Baldy," urged Phil.

Without a word Baldwin raced over the floor and reported to the officials. Time in. Center the ball. Baldwin's presence lent new fire to the team; the ball was in Shelton's possession now. A pass, Makay to Baldwin, a deft twist of the wrists, upwards arched the ball and down through the basket for two points. Baldwin scored and not "from under the basket." The rooters screamed with delight.

Again and again Shelton fairly seized the ball and each time Baldwin was chosen to shoot. The score mounted slowly. Not once did Baldwin go beneath the basket. His team mates sensed a new trick and fed the ball to him incessantly. Not a single shot did he miss. The game was cinched now. The score was 42-30, and only a couple of seconds till game time. As the Shelton rooters were chanting

their victory song,—Shriek! The game is over! Shelton won! Baldwin won the game.

“What a kid!” the Coach beamed as his boys came trooping into the dressing room. “Say, Baldy, I’m taking back all that I ever said about your ability as a basket ball player. You pulled that game out of the fire at the right time!”

“Don’t give me the credit for that,” Baldwin replied, “you must hand it to Phil here, it was all his idea anyway.”

“Come on now, Baldy, I heard all about the way you were fouled in that game and how you staged your come-back. Phil told me all about it just awhile ago,” Merrill quickly added.

“Wait a minute, there is a mistake here, Coach,” Baldwin put in, “it was Phil that made me do it all. He doped out the idea for me. He made me practice it until it worked every time without fail and——”

“Pipe down, will you?” Phil blushingly stuttered.

“Not till I’m finished,” his friend answered good naturedly, “but to get on with the rest of it. As I said Phil gets the credit for it all. If he told you how I was fouled, and how I got a yellow streak, this was his plan to get me over the scary feeling.

“Every day, he and I went to the floor, and he gave me the ball. The only thing I had to do was to shoot any time I had a chance, no matter where I was in our territory. The only thing he had to do was to nudge me with his elbow when I hugged the ball too long. So you see, it was up to me to get rid of the ball as quickly as possible, and the best thing to do everytime was to shoot. Hence all the angle shots——”

“Yeah, but didn’t Baldy do the real work in the game today?” queried Phil.

"Keep still, the both of you," the Coach interposed, "the next time you guys want to pull off any trick plays like that I want to know about it beforehand. But you can bet that the next time I'll be wise enough to take a suggestion sooner. Such a pair of schemers! Well, I'll be hanged."

"Not on your life," the crowd laughingly shouted, "we want you next year."

"Well, go now, boys, and get ready for our banquet tonight," he ordered, "and fellows we are going to have Baldy and Phil as our guests of honor, won't we?"

Amid mingled shouts and cheers, Baldwin and his pal managed to escape the crowd of enthusiastic rooters.

"Gee, Phil, I owe you a lot—I—I,"

"Ah, don't get slushy about it buddy. I did just what I would expect from you if I were to need it some time. Just think 'CHAMPS AGAIN'," he beamed as he pointed to the screaming headlines of the evening edition of the paper.

"Well, you needn't get sentimental over it," Baldwin laughed as he seized Phil by the arm. Quickly they hurried away to prepare for the banquet.

Elsewhere the Coach muttered, "What a life! Here I was worried sick about this game and a couple of chaps ran circles around me. Gosh, this is just like a story book and—oh, what's the use? Plucky kids. Why, this thing was bound to have a happy ending. Isn't life all one big story book? Anyway it is a lot more interesting than a silly story that some writer might write about the same thing. Great old life, if a fellow can stand the gaff."

Chester B. Kruczek '31

THE URGE TO RISE

Unless he be the hopeless victim of a vexing inferiority complex, every man who has existed in this "world of men," as Chapman describes it, has entertained dreams of the deeds he would perform were he gifted with the necessary qualifications. From Jack, who climbed the beanstalk in the hope of gaining for himself and his mother the comforts of living, to little Hans Brinker, who hurried to slide down the cellar door the quickest without noting the teasing spike, in order to win a penny prize, onward to men who sought to sit on the "roof of the world," there has been an unremitted striving to scale the ladder of success. This striving, of course, is beneficial to man in every division of human activity, but there is a well recognized danger associated with it if the "urge to rise" falls short of proper control, for it is then liable to turn into ruthless ambition, which has most frequently become the instrument of self-destruction in place of being a means of success.

It is this accident so closely connected with the "urge to rise," ambition, namely, that I propose to consider in the course of this bit of writing. Etymologically defined, ambition signifies a "going up." The Romans of old used the term "ambitio," from which my theme-word is derived, in the sense of "going around to solicit votes for an office." Hence comes the English signification, "a desire to go up", or rather "a desire for fame and power."

Very singular is the fact that whereas other forces of mind and body mostly give evidence of their presence at some definite period in life, the longing to be first and foremost, to be on the top of everything shows itself in every allotment of age, be it

childhood, youth, manhood. How often is not the mere lad heard to say that he will be a fireman, foreman, or boss of some sort when he grows up. That the direction his ambition takes will change frequently as life progresses does not change the fact that "the urge to rise" is ever present, and if he will only control this urge to the end of making himself dutiful towards his God and towards his fellowmen, all will be well with him. But there is the ever-present tendency to become swell-headed, puffed-up, and conceited upon the first scoring of success with the result that in youth and manhood he will see nothing but his own advantage without any consideration of right or wrong that his actions may involve. In consequence, what at first may have been judged to be a laudable quality in his life may well prove to be his own undoing.

Was it not Napoleon Bonaparte, who at the treaty of Tilsit made it known that he wanted at least half of this old earthly globe as his personal playground, and later on, in view of his successes found that he needed also the other half in order that he might disport himself fully according to the dictates of his ambition? In his childhood and youth things had gone all too easy with him. His "urge to rise" had lost all control, especially since his knavish undertakings as a Jacobin during the French Revolution always ended in the success he desired. But the flames of Moscow and the snows of Russia set limits to his ambition, "now furious grown", and he who wanted the world, ended by getting a tiny island, a mere wart on the face of the seas. As an example of an ungoverned ambition that impelled him to climb to the "roof of the world" only to fall all the way down to the basement and

stay there, the career of Napoleon Bonaparte is unmatched in history.

The next case in which the "urge to rise," all uncontrolled, ended disastrously is one that as an example is age-old and quite moth-eaten, yet it serves my purpose well, and if I were to leave it out, everybody would ask, "How did it come to be overlooked?" Well, here it is in the person of Julius Caesar. Of this stalwart old Roman, Plutarch writes as follows: "Caesar and several of his companions were one day passing through a small village in Gaul. His companions by way of mockery asked the question among themselves whether there were any canvassing for office in that town; any contention as to who should be uppermost, or any feuds among its great men, one against the other. To this deriding colloquy Caesar made answer seriously saying, 'For my part, I had rather be first among these fellows than second at Rome'." He did come to be first in Rome, and came very near realizing the utmost heights of his ambition, to wear a crown in that famous old city, when suddenly the painted bauble representing his accumulated successes burst at the punch of a dagger. Why did Caesar fall? Mark Antony gives the reason:

"Brutus says he was ambitious."

If I were to leaf through the countless pages of history, other examples of ruthless ambition equal in value and perhaps more pertinent to the matter, than the two I have mentioned, could be cited. For there is no man, whether his name be recorded in the annals of the world, or whether he walks about the streets of towns at present, who would not find it to his advantage to achieve more power and gain more fame if only the portals of

opportunity were open for the march of his ambition. And there always have been, are now, and will be many for whom "the urge to rise" could have no other signification than to gratify selfish inclinations, no matter at whose expense, and no matter how dearly bought, even if the tendencies which they obey can take no other direction than the road to misery and regret. It is for this class to remember that a sacrifice of morals and virtue in the quest for success and fame is likely to lead to personal undoing and to sheer futility. What Thomas Gray properly observes is much to the point here:

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Another consideration that must be taken into account when there is talk about ambition is that men who are wholly given to this urge are liable to make themselves dangerous—dangerous not always to the same degree as a Napoleon Bonaparte—but just such by allowing their uncontrolled selfishness to do harm to the public weal, or to the society in which they move. It is only too well known that at the moment when an ambitious man finds himself hindered in his plans, he will proceed to pull down and destroy whether it be character, a business, or a friendship, and over and above all even his own good. In this regard how true is not the expression of a certain English essayist:

"If ambitious men rise not with their service, they will take order to make their service fall with them."

In these present days of ours—supposed by many to be the greatest days that the world has ever seen—the one-time simple matter of being ambitious has come to be rather complicated. If the properties

that enter into the makeup of this passion are ability plus a good imagination, then at the present time there must be added to these what is known as "drag" or "pull". And right here is another danger to which the "urge to rise" may be liable. In endeavoring to reach the desired influence or success, a man with too much impulse is often ready to stoop to fraud, flattery, and bribery. Is he serving the interests of society by using such means. Most certainly not. He is rather aligning himself with the processes that make for social decay. It would be better for all concerned if such a man would fail in the struggle for success. A great deal could be said in this connection to show how ill-regulated striving "to be on top" has resulted in social nuisance. I hold a handful of evidence to this effect, but space will not allow me to open up even my little finger. It would of course, be to little purpose if this evidence were thrashed out, as everybody who is not blind can easily see it for himself.

If properly used, ambition supplies the foundation for virtues. Controlled by the will, this urge has produced great Saints and successful inventors, as well as outstanding leaders in every department of human activity. It is from their virtues, their services, and their leadership that mankind has derived vast benefits, and all because they knew how to direct the "urge to rise" into proper channels. Though they came to be influential in their respective spheres of action, they never came to be overbearing in their conduct or too proud to take advice from others as did King Robert of Sicily of whom it is mentioned in the poem by that name that he believed that no power could humble him or give him advice. Men

of his kind would do well to contemplate what the Roman poet, Horace, says:

"Vis consilii expers, mole ruit sua."

Bertrand Shenk '31

A NEW STAR

There was a new star in the heavens last night
That glided so swiftly; it soon passed from sight;
For the moment it lingered, 'twas noted by few,
That new star that sped thru the heavens last night.

Our prattle soon ended, and we stood in awe,
As cutting through darkness that bright star we saw;
It forced us to think of what is noble and high;
That new star that gleamed in the heavens last night.

The same sky was gazed at in days past and gone
By seamen who gleefully sent forth their song,
As also did poets when by old stars inspired,
Tho' none saw that new star of the heavens last night.

The star was accompanied by a dull throbbing sound
Which told the plain tale to us on the ground
That Apollo had chosen an airplane as coach
For the new star which was in the heavens last night.

Warren C. Abrahamson '31

Libraries are the wardrobes of literature, whence men, properly informed, might bring forth something for ornament, much for curiosity, and more for use.

—J. Dyer

THE POWER OF MUSIC

Of the arts which influence the life of man, one of the most active, most loved, and most attractive is music. There can be no doubt as to the wonderful, fascinating charms, which music, as the expression of lofty emotions, possesses. Men seek music because of its beauty and fascination; and music, in turn, rules men as the moon rules the tides of the sea. It is the irresistible power of music that makes it what it is; that makes it loved and sought for by man; that helps man to live beautifully and honorably. This power of awakening and directing man's emotions is found especially in the following types of music; patriotic, reminiscent, devotional, and joyful.

A very great part of the world's music is devoted to the awakening of the spirit of loyalty, honor, and love of country. Every nation makes use of this type of music in order to elicit the national spirit which exists among its people, in order to arouse its citizens to unification and loyalty. What true citizen of our own fair country has ever heard the Star Spangled Banner played by an accomplished band, with "Old Glory" glistening resplendent before his gaze, and has not been moved by a feeling of patriotism? As soon as the band plays the first bar, he is on his feet, hat in hand, his heart exulting in the thought of this great and beautiful country; and he longs to prove his loyalty to the flag which he sees stretched before him in all magnificence. And is it the flag that makes him feel thus? Perhaps to a small extent. Is it not principally the music, swelling in one great note of patriotism and loyalty, which strikes his ears, and penetrates into the farthest depths of his responsive soul?

Music also demonstrates its power in its facility to make men think and imagine. If the soul be responsive to the beautiful things of life, there is nothing which affects it more than emotional music. A simple little tune coming from a dreamy violin before a glowing fireplace on a still night can place before the mind of a lonely listener such beautiful thoughts and imaginings as he would never have dreamed of otherwise. As he listens rapturously, surrendering his soul to the beautiful charms of the violin, reminiscences of the past float exquisitely before him; his mother's face looks into his own as the violin tells of maternal love; his past joys and experiences are reenacted in his heart; and he delights in the beautiful reveries that are put into his soul by the music which so charmingly floats to his ears. To muse on the things gone by is one of the greatest comforts of a lonely soul and, with music, memories are bountiful.

But even more than in reminiscent music is power shown in that which is devotional. Music is said to have come from the angels; so in what form could it have a greater charm than in the form of devotion to God? Sacred music was in use long before the advent of Christianity, and one great reason for its use is, no doubt, its faculty of aiding man to glorify God; to help him to pray, and to dispose him to adore and honor his Creator with fervor and love. Music has charms to soften the hardest heart; it has the power of inspiration; it readily awakens the heart and soul of a worshipper to more devotion; it helps him to make good resolutions, and it elevates his intellect to the plane of the pure, the level of the beautiful, and the height of love. Surely devotional music is one of man's best aids

in worshiping his Creator, his Lord and Master.

And then comes the fourth great characteristic of music in its possession of charm. It is the power to gladden and lighten the heavy, sorrowful soul. Sorrow and sadness are two of the world's most common emotions, but being unpleasant and undesirable, they are avoided and shunned as much as possible. Nevertheless, they are, at times, present to everyone, and can only be offset by certain means, one of the best of which is music—joyful music. To the troubled soul, the soul which is weighted down by the emotions of sorrow and sadness, music is as a cool summer shower, which soothes the dried earth and gives it new freshness and life. It opens the door to peace, to joy, and above all, to happiness. In lively, joyful music, there is no room for sorrow; nothing but happiness and joy. The power to give joy, create happiness, is the first reason that music is sought for and loved by all the world.

The potentiality of music is also seen in many other forms and types, so that there can be no doubt as to the necessity of this most wonderful art. It would be exceedingly difficult for man to live without it. "If we were suddenly deprived of this life-joy, the world would undergo a kind of soul-stagnation impossible to describe." But with beautiful music properly received and fostered, the life of man is exalted, is beautiful beyond thought, and is brought nearer to God in happiness and contentment. With music, the stony pathway of life becomes as the softest velvet; the mountains encountered upon it are blown away and become as mere mists in the distance; the thorns which line its sides are changed into the sweetest roses; and the passage of the soul along it is but one continuous song in itself, which

soars aloft in airy lightness, displaying nothing but love and happiness in its entirety, and which lingers on after its ending as a memory more sweet than the reality itself.

William McKune '34

LIFE

Life is tragic or comic,
Serenely sad at its best;
Tastes of sugar and garlic
Just as we feather our nest.

Born in a bush of roses;
The thorns quickly push right through;
Left on the stream like Moses,
We drift into something new.

Today the skies are cloudy;
Tomorrow, ever so blue;
Today we shout a "howdy";
Tomorrow smiles are gone too.

Though life will have its sorrow,
And derive its best from storm;
Its tears hurt not tomorrow,
For tears turn to joy at morn.

C. Sanger '31

The most brilliant qualities become useless when they are not sustained by force of character.

—Segur

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline.

—Seneca

ANOTHER PEACE PLAN

Peace. At any cost there must be peace. This is the twentieth century, which, modestly declaring that it has the most highly civilized and most progressive group of people that this old world has yet seen, has decided that war is a crude and obsolete factor of civilization and must be discarded. No more can ambitious and powerful men hope to raise an army and rule the world. All that is past now, for the world is civilized. Now the earth's inhabitants are grown up and must outdo one another in being polite; no longer shall man's ambition lift them up in triumph, or hurl them down in defeat. War? Oh, that's a silly barbaric event that is read about in histories. Men used to indulge in that pleasure in the old days before they had automobiles, radios, and a million-and-one other things to occupy their minds. The man who used to instigate wars is now trying to do the government out of two dollars on his income tax. Progress is a wonderful thing! Now peace reigns supreme. It has even been suggested that the American eagle be changed to a dove.

Of course this generation can afford to discard war, for it has more scientific methods of disposing of its excess population. In other centuries when the population became too great and it became hard to obtain a living, a war was staged which soon destroyed the surplus population. Now, however, the automobile wrecks, train accidents, and racketeers diminish the population in a speedier and more efficient manner. If there are still to be wars to diminish the population, where can the racketeers find the means wherewith to amuse themselves? Like-

wise, if wars continue, the material for automobile accidents will not be so plentiful. Agitation for peace, therefore, is a worthy reform and should find many adherents among the automobile manufacturers and racketeers in particular.

This essay isn't merely to be an ironic slander against peace, however. Let there be peace by all means. There are two popular problems before the world today. One is the solving of the prohibition problem, and the other the puzzle of promoting world peace. The latter subject will be taken up here. As fast as men can devise new peace treaties they are adopted, and the nations rush to sign them. The world doesn't need a five cent cigar now. The crying need of the world today is more and bigger peace treaties. Where a nation formerly discussed battles it had won, now it proudly mentions the peace treaties it has signed. The more treaties to which a nation can attach its signature, the more glory it receives. Truly the pen is becoming mightier than the sword. The sword wielders of yesterday are being supplanted by the pen pushers of today. If a man really wants to be a success in the world today, he needs only draw up a new peace treaty. The newspapers will herald his accomplishment, and his fame is assured.

This excessive indulgence in peace, of course, doesn't prevent nations from having armies and navies. Far from it. It has been discovered that the best way to have peace is by having each nation fully prepared for war. Now that sounds paradoxical to the civilian, but surely these peace specialists know their business! So the United States must spend millions of dollars yearly in the building up and upkeep of an army and navy. France owes mil-

lions as the result of the last war, but that does not prevent her from keeping the largest standing army in the world. Mussolini has nothing but peaceful motives, still Italy's armed forces increase rapidly. Japan of course wants to be as civilized as the western nations so she too joins the parade. With all her colonies, England requires a large force for defence. So it goes even down to the smallest of nations. There shall be peace if every person in the world has to be turned into a soldier to get it.

A better day is dawning, however. Anyone who knows human nature must realize the fact that men and nations will quarrel. Since this is so, and there cannot be war, some other means must be found to settle these quarrels. The happy solution is just around the corner, and soon countries will settle their differences as civilized nations should. The disputes shall be settled without bloodshed and with a profit to both sides instead of a loss as previously.

For in the future, sporting events will settle all differences of nations. If one nation offends another, why the ambassadors can meet, set a time and place for the contest and settle it by this means. Perhaps they will decide that a boxing match could best settle the dispute. In which case the champion boxer of each country will step into the ring, go the regulation fifteen rounds with a referee from a neutral country officiating, and the winner takes all. Tickets for the event may be sold at top prices, and for those who are unable to get seats, why the radio will carry the story of the fight to them. The winner will become his country's hero, have his picture put on post stamps, write his autobiography, receive a high diplomatic post, and recommend one or the other brand of cigarettes.

Perhaps a prize fight would be too brutal a method for some countries to employ, however. In which case they could decide their point by a checker match between the two champions of the two countries. Not as interesting to the spectator; but, nevertheless, the attendance would pay expenses. Or if very great gate receipts were desired, a beauty show to settle the dispute with twenty or more representatives from each country might be staged.

Oh, the variety of ways to settle the quarrels is overwhelming. A track meet similar to the Olympic meet could be staged in case three or four nations were involved in the difficulty. Or one of a variety of races could be picked: a horse race, a swimming race, auto race, airplane race, boat race, etc. If all else failed, a Marathon dancing contest or flag pole sitting contest would surely settle the point! Just think of the crowds a baseball or football game to settle the difference would draw. (One may often imagine what a wonderful sight it would be to see one of these mythical All-American football or baseball teams in action, and here's the chance. Congress can pick it, then match it against the all-star team of some other country to settle a quarrel, and when the team comes home victorious, the players can be rewarded by a term in Congress). Only in this case the umpire or referee might have to be a martyr to the cause. But perhaps by that time one of the scientists will have developed a mechanical robot who would be able to handle the contest.

It is evident that there need be no fear. Peace is here to stay, and war is only a memory, something that is used to make moving pictures about. Quarrels may arise, but they can be settled peacefully and

to the profit of all. But, one may ask, what of the armies and navies? Oh, well! They shall have their use too. The armies shall be used for parades. For what would a presidential inauguration be without marching soldiers? Or a Memorial Day? Or the Fourth of July? The soldiers will be very handy in these instances. The navy also shall have its place. It will furnish material for the weekly news reels which may be seen at the theatres. Can one imagine a news reel without scenes of America's great navy? And the navy will be a great help when one of the nation's presidents wishes to go fishing, or to cruise around the world. If all other amusements fail, the airplanes can sink some of the ships while the movie cameras and sound devices record the inspiring scene for posterity.

Warren C. Abrahamson '31

IN WINTER

Trees stand mutely portesting,
Gaunt, lonely, and withered;
Only the pretty snow relenting
Weaves a cover for them in winter.

Swift, swirling flakes fast descending,
White—soft white—and downy,
With a pall the boughs enshrouding
Like a blessing from God in winter.

J. Pastorek '31

Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate little else than the changeableness of the weather. —Hare

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Published Monthly by the Students of
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
Collegeville, Indiana.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year -----	\$1.50
Single Copies -----	\$.20

Rev. M. B. Koester, C. PP. S. -----	Faculty Director
-------------------------------------	------------------

THE STAFF

Cletus Kern '31 -----	Editor
Joseph Sheeran '31 -----	Assistant Editor
Edmund Binsfeld '31 -----	Exchange Editor
Bela Szemetko '31 -----	Locals
Leonard Cross '31 -----	Assistant Locals
Raphael Gross '32 -----	Library Notes
Joseph Herod '31 -----	Sports
Thomas Clayton '31 -----	Assistant Sports
Chester Kruczek '31 -----	Societies
Thomas Rieman '31 -----	Alumni Notes
James Elliott '31 -----	Humor Editor
Warren Abrahamson '31	} ----- Associate Editors
Ralph Bihn '31	
Ralph Boker '31	
Lawrence Growney '31	
Urban Hoorman '31	
Bertrand Shenk '31	
John Spalding '31	
Joseph Szaniszlo '31	
Rouleau Joubert '31 -----	Business Manager
George La Noue '32 -----	Assistant Business Manager



Editorial

The mossy old proverb: "Darkness always follows sunshine," was certainly well pondered by its maker for the idea it conveys is most aptly expressed. At practically every turn in life this well-worn 'dictum' holds place. For centuries upon centuries, every period of happiness and prosperity was invariably followed by an era of depression and hardship. With very fair application may this saying be used to compare the brightness of the feasts of Christmas and New Year's Day with the gloomy days of January that are always sure to follow. Here light and darkness stand in evident contrast. These feasts flood the world universally with song and good cheer, but then those terrible days that belong to the 'dead of winter' come in for their share of time. How they do grate on the nerves of everyone! Distasteful and gloomy seem to be the proper adjectives to describe them.

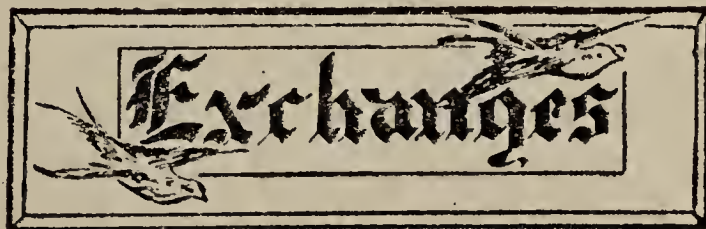
But there is a remedy against gloominess and depression no matter from what source they drift along. This remedy consists in resolving to persevere in spite of hurdles and obstacles. Among the various New Year's resolutions that a person makes, the developing of perseverance should certainly find a place, for it is the virtue of perseverance that supplies a sure footing for all other resolves that may be conceived. In the 'lower moments' of life it produces faith in oneself; in despair it shows the silver lining in the clouds; in temptation it is a bulwark against assault; in listlessness it is a goad that

urges to activity. The Saints became what they are by help of this virtue; great men of the world became what they were by the same means. We too, who are now plodding along the road of life as students, can find in perseverance an immeasurable amount of consolation and a sure beacon that will flash unerringly in the direction of success. Dreaming about the joys of the Christmas vacation must end; January has already muddled knee-deep into the uncertainties of the future. Through the darkness of this month with its usual ice and snow and ugly weather we shall have to march onward with the motto, "EXCELSIOR", in our minds.

J. A. S.

It is at the present period of the school year that many students acquire the feeling that a few days of "just coasting along" in their studies can hardly be detrimental to their standing in class, and that there is still plenty of time remaining before the mid-year examinations to "catch up in everything." The memories of those eventful days of the Christmas vacation still linger rather vividly in the minds of all, and one may be tempted, while in the midst of such daydreaming, to envy his brother or a certain good friend, who is attending school at home, for the good times which he seemingly enjoys. For an instant the student may lose sight of the goal which he has set for himself, and he begins to wonder whether or not he will be able to "stand the gaff" until June. To some students, these remaining months with their examinations, exercises, and various other devices for burdening them with all forms of work, loom up merely as necessary evils that are to be disposed of with as little trouble as at all

possible. To the conscientious student, however, these seemingly insurmountable obstacles are merely stepping stones or beacon lights which aid rather than abate him in his struggle to reach the goal. For the Senior, this goal is Graduation Day, which signifies the culmination of so many years of study spent in preparation for his future success; while for the Junior, the end of the school year brings the honor and privilege which the Seniors of the last year have bequeathed to him. Thus each class advances a step, and those who began the year as Freshmen are now privileged to tell their chums at home all the "ins and outs" of college life. Scarcely two weeks after the beginning of the New Year, good resolutions mostly make their way to the scrap heap; but why should they not be renewed with enthusiasm when a cherished goal, though distant, looms clearly into view? Hence students who desire to succeed will do well to resolve to help make the year 1931 the biggest, best, and most beneficial that this College has ever seen.



The editor of the BLACK AND RED asks "Is all the time spent on Greek and Latin classics absolutely necessary?" And with him we answer "No." He advocates the inductive method of teaching, and we agree with him. If Greek were taught according to this method a great amount of almost wasted time would be eliminated.

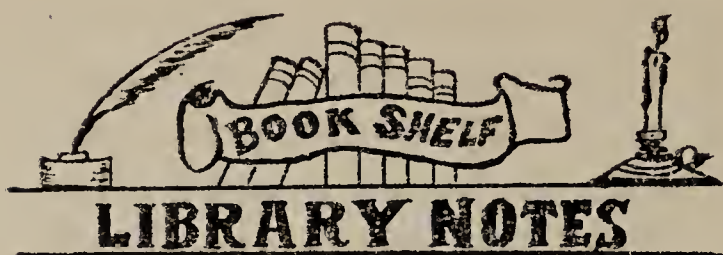
The student, without any previous knowledge of Greek, at once begins translating Xenophon's ANABASIS, (the usually chosen textbook in this system), learning the vocables by context, and acquiring the accents, syntax, and the "families of words" as he meets each. Also, if practically all questions and answers in the class are spoken in the language being learned, that classic language would far more easily be attained. It would be the same as if an American were alone among Greeks who knew no English. In time he would pick up various phrases here and there. Then the immediate and constant application of them would gradually affect his knowledge of Greek so that, in the end, he would really know more of that tongue than does the ordinary student who carelessly shuffles through four years of a college course in the same subject. This method of inductive teaching may sound difficult, and it may be at first, but from gathered information, it usually works out satisfactorily. Besides it would cut off two years of our Greek course. Two years would not sadden affairs; on the other hand they could be put to useful study of modern branches of learning. The majority of graduates and even undergraduates of this college more than once affirm that they learned more Greek in the last two years of the course according to the "family method" of teaching vocabularies, than they learned in the first two years studying rules and syntax.

Again the editor of the BLACK AND RED in his sincerely written editorial says that if the inductive method were also used in Latin, "we would be able to derive more benefit from the standard Latin authors in a much shorter time". It is indeed doubted whether students in general obtain much

benefit from the classics by translating them line for line with but a faint idea of the subject in question. This statement excludes systematic translation which mode of teaching could well be adopted by those teachers for whom the strictly inductive method has no appeal. Studying the classics by the deductive system is well compared by C. Trapp "to the example of a man seeking to obtain a bird's-eye view of a city like Chicago by wandering aimlessly through its streets and looking only at its sidewalks." The classics are difficult enough to understand and appreciate even in English, so why make things worse by using methods that encourage the wrong use of ponies? Would not the earnest application of the inductive method better such conditions?

Just see, what we drifted onto after having read the thought-provoking editorials in the December issue of the BLACK AND RED from Northwestern College, Watertown, Wisconsin. The other purposeful editorial on the Honor System is also deserving of commendation.

Acknowledgement is due: PACIFIC STAR; WENDELETTE; CHRONICLE; OLIVIA; MEADOW-LARK; CENTRIC; FAR EAST; ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE JOURNAL; GOTHIC; THE FIELD AFAR; CALUMET COSMOS; ST. JOHN'S RECORD; BROWN AND WHITE; WAG; QUARTERLY; AMBROSIAN; TRINITY COLLEGE RECORD; EVENING VOICE; TOWER; ECHO; MARIAN; BLUE AND WHITE; DIAL; PILGRIM; ST. LOUIS COLLEGIAN, Honolulu, Hawaii; SHADOWS; SUNFLOWER; BAY LEAF; VINCENTIAN; AURORA; and PRINTCRAFTERS.



BUILDERS OF A NATION

THE ADAMS FAMILY, by James Truslow Adams

In the history of our country there is one family which generation after generation has constantly influenced the molding of our history and civilization—the Adams family. Beginning with John Adams, the pearl of the family, historian, publicist, diplomat, president, and continuing through John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis II, Henry, and Brooks Adams, this “most distinguished family in the United States,” has persistently upheld its high “position and aristocracy of intellect.” Although the author (who is only nominally connected with the family) has told his story with skill and understanding, with breadth and tolerance, yet one could hardly say that he has emulated his other well-known ventures into New England history: he has written his present work just as one would expect it to be written; he has written it as such a family-biography deserves to be written—with interpretation. To the general reader the book offers much valuable knowledge and entertainment, and even for the inquisitive historical researcher it is more than a mere catchpenney book, though it necessarily lacks, due to its vast scope, the details that an inquisitive mind might seek.

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON, by Claude G. Bowers

Between these two protagonists—Jefferson and Hamilton—was fought the great twelve years' battle

for democracy in America. Jefferson's ideal, on the one hand, was a government for the people and by the people; while Hamilton wanted a government for the people by the statesmen and property holders. A striking antithesis between the characters and ideals of these two men is developed in this book. With the vividness and vitality of the classical historian, Mr. Bowers draws a great picture of the two "cocks fighting in a pit"—Hamilton, a genius, but egotistic, impatient, proud and dictatorial; Jefferson, also a genius, kind, patient, humble and resourceful, but lacking in frankness and sometimes in "high society" demeanor. In this duo-biography, Mr. Bowers brings the dead to life, renews the Plutarchian struggle of Jefferson and Hamilton—the struggle which definitely "determined that this should be not only a republic, but a democratic republic." From the author's pen both great men have received fitting tribute, but not idolatry.

LINCOLN, by Emil Ludwig

The heroic figure of Lincoln stands out and becomes more impressive in American life and thought as the years pass on. Sandburg, Barton, Charnwood and Rothschild are all students of the life and character of the Great Emancipator. One of his recent biographers, Herr Ludwig, attempts to disclose an old story in the "new" historical method, termed psychography. Psychography, of course, is an antediluvian art. It is as old as Plutarch or the Bible, as old as the first man who reflected on his fellows and sketched them briefly with a word that caused others to reflect. But Ludwig, in his "Lincoln," has done a praiseworthy bit of work, immensely more creditable than his "Jesus, Son of Man," which approaches blasphemy.

When an author of Ludwig's technical ability sets out to write in a simple narrative style, and develops with care his portrait-study and quotes profusely, he is sure to achieve the interest and attachment of his readers.

MEET GENERAL GRANT, by W. E. Woodward

As a general, Grant was in many respects a genius; but as a statesman, a failure. He is, perhaps, the most difficult American personage of any renown to understand or interpret. U. S. Grant—in his youth, the "Little Beauty" of the army (in virtue of his girlish countenance); later the drinker, the cool-headed savior of the Union; in a word, Grant, the man of many contradictions—this is the character Mr. Woodward presents. On the dim obscure background of the middle nineteenth century, the author has written a popular life of Grant; and writing as he does, with breeziness and realism, he cannot be conceived of writing an uninteresting book. Although his style has no "unerring touch," yet it is frequently sprinkled with beautiful phrases, like grains of wheat among the chaff. To his discredit, he has the modern knack of "jazzing" up his writing with such phrases as "If absence makes the heart grow fonder," or "around the corner." Viewing the volume from the standpoint of appreciative criticism, one must place it among the best biographies of General Grant, alongside that of Hamlin Garland.

THE PEERLESS LEADER: WM. JENNINGS BRYAN, by Paxton Hibben.

This history is not a cajoling one. Painstakingly careful, Mr. Hibben has verified all of his facts about the Silver Knight of the West with references to the sources which he has cited. Whatever the facts may have been, only one correct delineation of Bryan

can remain: Bryan, "the orator who could arouse someone, challenge someone, defy someone, plead for something," the Danton of the Democratic National Convention. The historical accuracy which Mr. Hibben employs throughout his book forces upon the reader the inevitable conclusion that, although Bryan did "chores around the Hall of Fame," although he fought a losing fight and was at times a voice in the wilderness, yet "the weight of his rhetoric, of his splendid magnetic presence, of his resonant voice, fell upon the wicked who opposed his holy cause" with such power as to place him among the ranks of great Americans like Clay and Blaine. A certain critic has said of this book, "a masterly dissection of Bryan's intellectual qualities and his vaunted skill and farsightedness as a popular leader"—a straightforward presentation of fact.

UP TO NOW: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Alfred E. Smith

Here is the sincere expression of one of the liveliest and most lovable politicians of today. Al Smith, the young Tammany leader, who worked his way up from "the sidewalks of New York," has written an honest record of his own career. In a style that is neither of the polished, nor of the simple literary type, he reflects his own warm personality with clearness and grace. The most sportive chapter in the book is the one sketching Smith's boyhood days and life in old New York. Of interest, too, are Smith's re-performances for his readers of some backstage scenes in the Governor's office at Albany. But of the political machinations of the 1928 campaign, many things are omitted; in fact, "Up to Now" leaves much unsaid, which time alone may reveal. But whatever the merits or demerits of Al's autobiography, one is assured that "there

is no reason why the back alley cannot produce as good moral, spiritual, mental and physical timber for politics as the backwoods" which produced Jackson and Lincoln. If there were more Al Smiths in our midst, the United States would justly deserve every iota of respect that its laws demand. If Al Smith has already reached the apogee of his life, he shall not pass on and leave America and history intestate.

MASKS IN A PAGEANT, by William Allen White

During the past fifty years America has yielded a brilliant galaxy of statesmen and politicians: Crocker, Platt, Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, Hanna, Bryan, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Smith and Thompson. With all these men Mr. White has had reporter's relations, with six of them political relations; and with one, Roosevelt, he cherished "the memory of a friendship that was precious" to him. These intimate associations plus a penetrating mind, an experience with politics, an ample tolerance for fellowmen and a fluent and keen pen, are the source for a series of delightfully written biographical sketches, full of gusto, spirit, and audacious metaphors. As a study of the manners and customs of the American politician, these vigorous essays offer more information than any biography of a single individual. True, they are wanting in minuteness of detail, but they are only meant to reveal a pageant of American statesmen. Mr. White writes thus in his introduction: "So they go—the long swiftly-moving line—masks in a pageant; masks that I saw, that I scrutinized eagerly, but—alas!—only with eyes of clay that never see clearly, much less convey the truth to a mortal heart that never could quite understand."

SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The last meeting for the year 1930 concluded the achievements incidental to the C. L. S. private programs. In these programs of late enthusiasm had been lagging, quite noticeably at that, but this was seemingly a crisis, and it proved to be the turning point for the better. One presentation in particular put a flourish of success to the dramatic record of this year, even though the participants were to some extent undirected in their efforts and besides found it to be their first appearance behind the footlights.

The subject of their presentation was "Tatters", a character sketch in one act, by Richard Burton. The scene is the office of a Juvenile Judge.

Judge Brown, a kind benevolent old man, who believes in giving the wayward an even break, was very naturally impersonated by Karl Wuest. Tatters, a "tough kid", is given the opportunity to escape and yet, by some freakish chance, he stays and decides to turn over a new leaf. Cletus Kern met the requirements of this role very well. Pete, a reclaimed hoodlum and a staunch supporter of the Judge's cause, was portrayed by Paul McGaharan. Boniface Dreiling, the bewhiskered detective, handled his prisoner in genuine police fashion.

NEWMAN CLUB

Once more the Newmans have acquired a reputation for being capable of staging amateur productions creditably. The three act comedy, "His Father's

Son", was played to a full house the night of December 14, at the local auditorium. To Father Rapp, director of the play, goes the credit of selecting the members of the cast as well as the play itself. Though this was the first public appearance for the Newmanites, their play was a success and should serve as an inspiration for future efforts.

The story element involves an old problem presented in a somewhat modified circumstance. Simply this, a wealthy boy at school; the successful father; everybody is happy. Then comes misfortune. The boy loses his mother; his father fails in business. Next follows a struggle to keep the boy at school, but discovering the sacrifices made by his father, the boy comes home and decides to work. Till matters are completely adjusted, there is a noticeable strangeness in the ensuing scenes, but soon enough happiness prevails and thus ends the play.

Nathan Doyle, the proud father, who was determined to keep his son ignorant of the sacrifices made, was successfully impersonated. Douglas Doyle, the son, an all around good fellow, was the main actor of the play. His role was enacted perfectly. Hiram McBinney, a faithful friend of the Doyle's, was truly loyal to father and son in two wholly different ways without betraying either cause consciously.

Jerry McBinney, though not the most important personage, but indeed sharer of high honors for the very natural impersonation of a crippled youngster, even by his presence in the scene, lent action to the plot.

Lancello Griffith, at least looked the part of the weasel-faced villian, and gave the audience frequent occasions to interrupt his cues. Jim O'Calahan, was a true-to-life hard boiled city editor. Timothy Glenn,

office boy, was more of a schemer at beating Lancello in his tricks than that poor gentleman was himself.

The dignified presence of Philip Crane, head master of Maplehurst, bespoke the careful preparation of this role; and in this character were combined the firm and lovable qualities possessed by men in like positions, but who are often judged to be misanthropes while in reality they are plain human beings. Harrison Fiske, assistant professor, proved to be one of the necessarily fat, jolly men of life.

Harry Atkins, an amateur bad boy; John Hartwell, the true friend in need; Ordway Mitchell, the chap who could never say anything without getting all muddled up; Horace Russell, and Raymond Sears, were the rest of the boys necessary to give that 'boarding school impression.'

CHARACTERS

Nathan Doyle, reporter on the "Boston Daily News" --

----- Leonard Fullenkamp

Douglas Doyle, his son, junior at Maplehurst -----

----- Urban Wurm

Hiram McBinney ----- Aloys Selhorst

Jerry McBinney, his son ----- Timothy Doody

Lancello Griffith, reporter on the News ----- Nasser Nasser

Jim O'Calahan, city editor of the News -----

----- Clarence Rastetter

Timothy Glenn, office boy ----- Charles Robbins

Philip Crane, head master at Maplehurst ----- Peter Corey

Harrison Fiske, his assistant ----- Joseph Lenk

Juniors at Maplehurst—Harry Atkins, W. Schmiesing; John Hartwell, J. W. Egolf; Horace Russell, R. Dery; Raymond Sears, L. Ritter; Ordway Mitchell, J. Schaleman.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

After a series of postponements, the D. M. U.

convened for the regular monthly meeting. Business was short and easily disposed of. The proposed raffle took the students' assembly by storm. Each class vied with the other for high honors in the disposing of tickets, and so great was the interest that the raffle was proclaimed a complete realization of the hopes previously entertained. The lucky winners have possessed themselves of many valuable prizes.

The private entertainment of the D. M. U., was the dramatization of the story, "The Other Wise Man". As a sort of return to the age-old morality plays, this pleasing play was greatly appreciated. The scenes were varied and artistically set up; the costumes, mostly made by the actors themselves, were characteristic of old Jewish times. Members of the cast were representative of all classes active in the Unit's work. More of this kind of drama would bring people to realize the difficulty in presenting a play dealing with so sacred a topic as the birth of the Divine Infant and the hardships that were inflicted upon the poor people of that day. A well done and praiseworthy effort on the part of all the members of the cast and the Reverend Director, Fr. Ley, is the verdict expressed by all who were present at this excellent performance.



ALUMNI NOTES

If an hour is a handful of minutes, as someone said the other day, then a year must be a truck-load of minutes. Well, another truck-load of minutes has just passed. The Collegian Staff sends its best

wishes for a most happy New Year to all the Alumni, and especially to subscribers. Acknowledgement is hereby made to Marcellus Dreiling for his wonderful card to the Staff. Thank you, Sal, and the same to "yu". What with the flood of holiday news there may be chances of making a really live column out of these heretofore dry, uninteresting Notes. Read on.

The sweet strains of the 'Skeleton Song', "I Ain't Got Nobody", sang by a beautiful tenor voice, drifted idly from the open windows of a home-like establishment situated somewhere in Dayton, Ohio. After a slight interval, two jocular hoboes sauntered towards the building, found the house number, heard the uplifting notes emanating from within,—seemed to nod to each other in silent assent,—and went forward. One of them now rapped at the door. Just above the main entrance hung a sign informing passersby that here thrived one of the most profitable businesses in Dayton. There is only one logical explanation for the recent visit of Herman Reinick and Edward Miller, both of whom graduated in '30, to a certain undertaking establishment in Dayton;—the explanation,—to see John Ryan, of the class of '29. Johnny is now engaged in entertaining "stiffs." It's disheartening to see a young fellow like John so near the grave. "Remember, that thou are dust, and unto dust thou shalt return". What a life time of thrills, and—chills. Keep it up, John, thats one business that never has a slump.

Speaking of enterprises, what must one think of this? Paul Babin, of '29, amused himself for six weeks last summer in teaching catechism to the children of sturdy Kentucky mountaineers. Paul is a bit modest, but he did confess that as long as he felt good, he had the junior moonshiners well in

hand,—but when he didn't feel good,—oh well, why not try to make it look something like a success. Congratulations, potential missionary!

Culture,—real Chesterfieldian culture—or at least a veneer of the same,—that is the proud boast of Sirs Paul Anzinger and James Stapleton. Requests, demands even, have come in begging this department to publish the sad news, and also estimate the amount of loss in common sense. The truth is, that if either of the above mentioned lords actually is that way, it's because both of them had the pleasure of a trip to Europe last summer. How about it? Lord Chesterfield and Little Lord Fauntleroy?

Somewhere in the darkest wilds of Missouri, three former St. Joe boys are struggling to civilize a whole seminary. Charles Spalding, '29, Robert Weis, '30, and Michael Lally, who would have been in the class of '31, but was advanced on account of his progress in studies, constitute the St. Joe Alumni Club at Kenrick Seminary, Webster Groves, Missouri.

Michael Fromes, of '30, honored St. Joe with a few days' visit just prior to the Christmas holidays. Come again, Mike.

They tell around here that part of the famous Reichlin twins, Joe by name, who graduated here as an academic student in '27, is now working in a drug store in Lorraine, Ohio. Don't you folks get the impression now that Joe is a farmer just because he works in a pharmacy!

Urban Falter, who left here in '29, another ex-'31 man, is at the present time working in a department store in Toledo, Ohio. It surely is surprising how well some of our boys get along.

When one of our honorary Alumni does something, we can't afford to miss it. Several highly complimentary remarks have been made by people

who should know, concerning Alphonse Uhrich's mass, which was sung at St. Charles Seminary on Christmas, and on Blessed Gaspar's Feast. Mr. Uhrich is a brother to the notorious 'Slicker' Uhrich, of '30. I understand that they are now both called 'Slicker', Junior and Senior. Mr. Uhrich's class has never studied at St. Joe, but it was voted into the Alumni Association a few years ago.

The entire Collegian Staff unites in condoling with Albert Gordon, of '29, anent his recent bereavement, the loss of his father.

Again the Staff desires to wish you all a most Happy New Year. We'll close these notes by hoping that all the Alumni have had a happy time over the holidays. Our own vacation was such a one as memory brings back to mind most willingly,—a vacation the mere reminiscence of which can be described only by the telling phrase, 'a beautiful thought'.



It is a commonly accepted truth that most good things in this life have a beginning and likewise an end. Such was the case with the recent Christmas vacation which suddenly terminated on Thursday, January 8, 1931 at 9:15 p. m. sharp. Only about two weeks previous to this date, the main streets and suburbs of Collegeville groaned under the weights of heavy buses. A novel sight it was, indeed, to see the natives of the Blue-Grass country, packed like sardines in a can, hitting the trail for the old Kentucky home in a "train on wheels."

Those who spent the holidays at St. Joe can

really say that nothing which might have added to vacation joys was left undone. On Christmas eve, while the "hoi polloi" awaited the arrival of Santa Claus in deep slumber, the Seniors tried their luck at the art of interior decoration and succeeded admirably—if chance remarks are of any value. Tom Clayton, in particular, gave material evidence of his artistic eye by the unique fashion in which he adorned the table of the Reverend Prefects and supervised the decoration of the refectory. Much effort was spent also in the embellishment of the Raleigh-Smoking Clubroom with Christmas trimmings. Here "George" Kern, "Oscar" Wuest and "Colonel" Luthman spent a great part of the night in throwing tinsel and hanging glass apples on the Christmas tree.

On Christmas morning, a brass quartette aroused the sleeping throng with the sweet strains of "Silent Night." The five o'clock Mass was celebrated by Father Anthony Paluszak, assisted by the Very Rev. J. Kenkel as deacon and Mr. Martin Kraff C. PP. S. as subdeacon. During the two Low Masses which followed immediately, the traditional custom of singing German Christmas Carols was again revived. A string quartette, consisting of Henry Bucher, Thomas Clayton, Reinhardt Kieffer and Cletus Bihn, accompanied the congregation. The Very Rev. Rector, Father Kenkel, C. PP. S., sang the third Mass at eight thirty, with Rev. Anthony Paluszak and Mr. Martin Kraff assisting as deacon and subdeacon respectively.

On the afternoon of Christmas Day, a program prepared by some of the students was presented for the Ven. Brothers and Sisters in the auditorium. The main feature was a playlet in five short scenes, depicting the early childhood of Christ. In the even-

ing, many of the bashful Juniors and Sophomores found themselves to be the victims of an impromptu program which was held in the "hang-out"—the Smoking Club.—Thus passed another Christmas Day at St. Joseph's.

MISCELLANEOUS PASTIMES!

Besides playing cards and dreaming of Santa Claus, many other pastimes filled the happy vacation days. The call of the wide open spaces was answered by a host of enthusiastic rabbit hunters; the object sought, however, in most cases eluded the eager eyes of the huntsmen. Just to mention a single instance: One brisk afternoon, a mob, together with a master-gunner, Father Paluszak, determined to scour the nearby wilderness and bring home enough "bacon" to feed the whole family. Something queer, however, took place because only one rabbit perished on that day. And we are told that rabbits abound in this part of the state!!

More than one opportunity, moreover, was granted to visit the city of Rensselaer. One such opportunity was granted by our Very Rev. Rector, Father Kenkel, when the students did not forget that January 1 was his birthday. On New Year's eve, the Knights of the Royal Deep, under the gavel of their president King Fish—Bela Szemetko, held their annual meeting in the Raleigh Clubroom.

An indoor circus presented by Ed Binsfeld & Company officially marked the close of a vacation that will long be remembered by many as a time of real joy and happiness.

On December 8, 1930, a few days after the annual retreat, a Solemn Highmass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Ignatius Wagner, C. PP. S., at which

time seventeen students made their temporary promise of fidelity to the Society of the Precious Blood. They are: Clarence Rable, Vincent Parr, Robert Stukenborg, Leonard Storch, Alexander Leiker, Thomas Siebeneck, John Byrne, Isidore McCarthy, Frank Novak, Raphael Gross, Vincent Mallifski, Howard Hoover, John Lefko, Joseph Otte, Clarence Schuerman, Norman Koller, Urban Iffert. Those who received the cassock are: Leonard Rancilio, John Pastva, Harold Kuhns, Clarence Rastetter, Thomas O'Herron, Michael Stohr, and Reinhardt Kieffer. To these students who have thus given their lives to the service of their Master, we, the members of the Collegian Staff, extend our heartiest congratulations.

All the students of St. Joseph's extend sincerest sympathy to Alvin Jasinski '31, who lost a sister in death.

The faculty and students sincerely condole with the Rev. Rupert Landoll, C. PP. S., a professor of St. Joseph's College, in the recent death of his beloved mother; and with Rev. Christian Staab, C. PP. S., also a professor at St. Joseph's, in the recent death of his beloved father.

On December 3, 1930, fifty-seven hungry Fifth-year gormands, with the clash of cutlery, attacked one of the most delicious dinners ever spread at Wright's. The beautiful hall, gay with purple and gold streamers, echoed with Epicurean merriment and the gently intoxicating strains of weird orchestration. After Jack Blommer had made a fatal attempt at singing, Harry Connelly assumed the duties of toastmaster de luxe. At the conclusion of president Lefko's address, Mr. Connelly had the honor of presenting the long coveted football letters to members of

the Fifth-Year football team, the champs of '30. Then followed the infamous attempts of representatives from various states to win brotherhood with Ananias. The honors fell to Ohio. The day complete, the strains of the Baker Hall Victory Song ushered the revelers from the scene of revelry.

NEWS ABOUT THE SENIORS

What "IT" Was!

We had anticipated for a month, and then came the night of nights—Senior Night. All hearts were joyous, eager, and anxious to witness what the Seniors of '31 were to stage. "IT," consisting of two parts, came with a hush. At the rising of the curtain, the stage was only dimly visible. Gradually the glow of blue and red lights increased, till finally the Senior Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Bela Szemetko's baton, was revealed playing the ever appealing strains of "Zampa." From the very start the program was a huge success. One surprise after another, and each one better than the first! To the utter amazement of every one in the auditorium a group of heretofore unrecognized musicians were brought to light,—each musician displaying a very high degree of mastership in the use of orchestral instruments. The stage manager, it is strange, seemed to have his light effects in perfect tempo with the orchestra when it broke into the vigorous movements of "Light Cavalry."

In the series of vaudeville acts which followed, Mr. Cletus Bihn justly carried away a good part of the honors of the evening with his Broadway rendition of "Katy-did." Joseph Gibson, as O'ho Joe, went over "big." With his soaring tenor voice, he warbled "Down by the Winegar Woiks" to the enjoyment of all. Space does not permit special note of each

reciter, but let it be mentioned that Stephen Tatar, Lawrence Grothouse, Carl Wuest, Urban Hoorman, Ralph Boker, and Ralph Bihn are each to be congratulated on the excellent and pleasing manner in which he performed his acts.

The second part was a one act play written by two members of the Senior Class. The playwrights Bela Szemetko and Ralph Boker, deserve special credit for their ingenuity in writing the one act play, "It Won't Be Long Now." The success of this snappy college play was due to the excellent acting on the part of each member of the cast. The blue ribbon, however, must be handed to John Spalding for his portrayal of the young sophisticated collegian. The comedy role was handled to perfection by Andrew Mathieu, alias, "Zukie." A sight of the constable, Louis Duray, and of his two deputies would probably make the Chicago and New York racketeers think a second thought.

Congratulations, Seniors of '31. Your program was a success! We went home satisfied—more than satisfied and pleased!

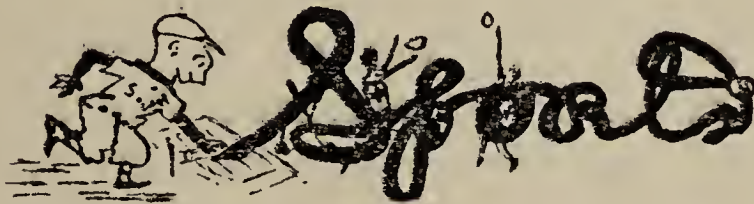
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

Cast

Abie Martin	-----	Louis Stock
Larry Landon	-----	Lawrence Growney
Mac Gangley	-----	Thomas Rieman
Speedy Freeman	-----	Charles Sanger
Bill Bolton	-----	Ralph Boker
Windy Stanley	-----	Rouleau Joubert
Mel Rommel	-----	Joseph Sheeran
Legs Walters	-----	Paul Popham
Pants Merrill	-----	Leonard Cross
Wallace Fawcettborough	-----	John Spalding
Ephraim Sickie, constable	-----	Louis Duray
Oscar Pletzenbaum, deputy	-----	Karl Wuest

George Schultzenheim, deputy ----- Cletus Kern
 Foot-pad ----- Frank Kienly
 Janitor ----- Andrew Mathieu
 J. M. L. '32

Be it known to all who have in any way aided in giving the Seniors a hand-out that their efforts are not unappreciated. We, the Seniors of '31, publicly wish to acknowledge and thank Father Rufus Esser for the use of his orthophonic and Father Joseph Lutkemeier for the use of his phonograph records.



Senior League Standing after first round.

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sixths -----	3	1	.750
Fifths -----	3	1	.750
Thirds -----	2	2	.500
Seconds -----	2	2	.500
Fourths -----	0	4	.000

SIXTHS USE THIRDS AS CAN OPENER

Defeating a smoothly running Third-Year quintet, the strong Sixth-Year team, local basketball champs, bagged the opening game of St. Joe's hardwood season. Centered about the consistent play of Gibson and Mathieu, the superior offensive force of the winners asserted itself enough in the last quarter to hold the long end of a 22-16 count.

The Thirds, although defeated in their initial

attempt proved themselves potential contenders for this year's pennant. By their clean handling of the ball and close guarding, Scheidler and Fontana lent a good deal of color to an otherwise uninteresting game and proved their worth as first class defense men. Coming through for a total of eight points, Forsee equaled the individual work of the "Gib-Zukie" combination in this department of the game.

FOURTHS, 17; SECONDS, 20

Coach Mathieu's Seconds, by an attack of clever passing, accurate shooting and plenty of speed defeated the Fourths by the score of 20 to 17.

Before the blast of the starting whistle had fully died away, Berg, one of the Second's stars, scored two points by an overhand shot from under the basket, giving the Seconds an early lead. This lead the Seconds not only maintained throughout the game but at times increased it by so wide a margin that it made victory seem a sure bet. There seemed to be no doubt in the minds of Schulz and Roth as to why the baskets were placed at either end of the floor. Hession, Lammers, and Steinhauser likewise helped a good deal in keeping the score of the Seconds above that of the Fourths by their good guarding.

Follmar, Leonard, and M. Vichuras for the Fourths broke through the strong defense of the Seconds for scores from time to time but lacked the punch to win.

FIFTHS, 18; THIRDS, 21.

The Thirds played a bang-up game to bag their second attempt at a victory to the tune of 21 to 18. Their victims, to the mild surprise of local sport fans were no less than the highly touted Fifths who ap-

peared to be everything else but organized when they climbed aboard "Basketball's Band Wagon." In a word, the Thirds sure made their upper classmates look bad.

The first quarter as well as the following two frames were characterized by some first-class guarding on the part of both teams with the Thirds working smoothly and the Fifths rather erratically at times. Offensively they were both on a par, and when the third quarter ended, the score stood at 16-15 with the Fifths having the edge. Then the Thirds with McKune flashing all over the floor and Forsee in command, started an assault that carried them to their first 'win' of the season.

Zahn for the Fifths by his heady and cool game at the guard position looked like the big shot for the losers.

SIXTHS, 25; SECONDS, 12.

Delighted over their victory against the Fourths which was something to be happy about—the Seconds entered their contest against the Sixths with a strong desire and determination to win. At least, their excellent playing, which during the first three quarters of the game kept most of the spectators sitting on the edge of the benches, conveyed the impression that the Seconds were out to win. Especially did they make things look bad for the Sixths immediately after the beginning of the second half, when scoring six points in quick succession they took the lead from the Sixths, making the score 12-8.

Seeing that it was about time for them to snap out of it, the Sixths led by Gibson, in less time than Washington needed to rest up after paddling across the Delaware, threw themselves into high and left the Seconds to eat their dust. As a result the score

at the end of the game was 25 to 12, favoring the Sixths.

Gibson, the Sixth Year hero of this game, claims that honor by virtue of bagging 16 of his team's 25 points. With 8 points to his credit, Berg led the scoring attack for the Seconds.

FIFTHS, 26; FOURTHS, 18.

Playing effectively in the last half, the Fifths defeated the Fourths 26 to 18 and thereby made it evident that they had no predilection for last place.

The first period was tiresome and slow, yet the opening between the scores was so narrow that it kept most of the spectators from leaving. Two shots from the middle of the floor, made by Bubala and Kemp, helped to lend color to this otherwise uninteresting period. The score at the half was 10 to 10.

The Fourths during the second half, with Follmar out of the lineup, were unable to stop Zahn, Koller, and Conroy, who, back in their old form, were doing stellar work in both departments of the game. Zahn with 10 points to his credit was easily high point man for the Fifths while the scoring of the Fourths was rather evenly divided.

THIRDS, 21; SECONDS, 23.

As a fitting climax to the victory of the Seconds over the Thirds, Coach "Zukie" very melodramatically passed out and obligingly conceded the job of taking in bouquets to the individual members of his flashy little team. Of course, the writer must admit that he too felt a bit funny in the region of the diaphragm when the dope-bucket was turned upside down and the Seconds trotted off the hardwood with the heavier side of a 23-21 count to show for their efforts.

The game started off rather slowly as all good games have a knack of doing at times, with both teams sort of feeling their way. The second quarter saw things picking up, finally ending with the score 11-8, and the upper-classmen holding the lead. By the time the third quarter rolled around the Seconds were going so hot that they garnered no less than nine points to their opponents two, making the count 17-13. Then the fun began, with a regular see-sawing party as the main attraction. First the Thirds forged ahead with two goals and a free throw, then the Seconds dropped one in for a marker followed immediately by Cook's foul shot to tie the score. Horrigan's basket put the Thirds ahead by 21-19, but the Seconds showing a good deal of speed and heady floor work sank two goals in rapid succession, Schulz making the last shot as the whistle blew.

Berg, Lammers, and Downey played a whale of a game for the Seconds. Lammers especially by his show of fight at all stages of the game won the approval of the fans. For the Thirds, credit for his fast floor game must be given McKune, who with Fontana as his running mate at the guard position, did much towards making this game the most exciting and interesting of this season.

SIXTHS, 20; FOURTHS, 19

The top of the heap met the bottom of the heap and there resulted—a collision. The champion Sixths came so close to dropping their fray with the cellar-holding Fourths that it “wasn't even funny anymore.” A 20-19 score is rather close at that, isn't it?

The game started with the Sixths apparently taking a win very much for granted, and the Fourths determined to show themselves as a winning combina-

tion. The score at the end of the first half, which was 10-4 in favor of the Fourths, shows the results that such attitudes will naturally produce in most cases. In short, the Sixths looked bad during that first period.

In the second half, however, the Sixths woke up to the fact that they must play basketball in order to turn in victories, and in a very short time Kienly, Sheeran and Mathieu led by Gibson sunk enough goals to place their team ahead by the count of 14-12. The Fourth's Big Berthas got the range again with Follmar in command and sunk the old pill from the middle of the floor. Gibson and Kienly countered with two baskets and one goal respectively and won for their team in the last minute of play, 20 to 19.

FIFTHS, 37; SECONDS, 9

The Fifths, who in their first two games looked everything else but a promising first division team, pulled a big surprise act, when in tornado fashion they swamped the Seconds under a barrage of field goals, claiming second place.

Siebeneck, with all his energy, was absolutely repulsive to the ambitious Seconds. Making 19 points, he broke Gibson's hitherto high point record by three points. Zahn and Mayer shared the Fifth's scoring honors with Siebeneck, while Lammers and Steinhauer showed up best for the Seconds.

SIXTHS, 24; FIFTHS, 28

The Fifths continued the winning tactics that gave them three out of four games as their share from the first round by hopping onto the Sixths, better known as last year's basketball champions.

The game was played as the main attraction of a double bill.

The Sixths, coming from behind a seven-point lead, tied the score in the third quarter and then proceeded in the third quarter to add six more points to give themselves the lead. The Fifths, who didn't score a point during the third period, woke up again in the eleventh hour and once more stepped into the lime-light.

With Koller and Zahn shooting in a fashion that went straight to the hearts of the Fifth Year rooters and with Conroy, Siebeneck and Mayer playing a floor game that is best expressed by the term, "excellent," the Fifths took an early lead, and although losing it in the third quarter found it again in time to win the game.

Gibson, Mathieu, Cross, Sheeran, and Kienly, though they were on the losing team, gave a better demonstration of how five players could be linked as one unit in team work than did the Fifths.

In the preliminary game the Thirds defeated the Fourths by a score of 35 to 14. The Thirds during this game showed more class and skill than they ever did before. Especially did Cook play a spectacular scoring game, making 10 points as his contribution. Ritter and Schaleman appeared to be about the best that the Fourths had to offer during this game.

MIDGET LEAGUE STANDING

Teams	Won	Lost	Pct.
Comets -----	2	0	1000
Nettèrs -----	2	0	1000
Speedy Five -----	1	1	.500
Orioles -----	0	2	.000
Tigers -----	0	2	.000

SPEEDY FIVE, 30; TIGERS, 11.

The Speedy Five midget team, in the absence of speed cops, ran recklessly over the Tigers to defeat them by a big margin. Vandagriff, Gannon, and Gundlach led the scoring attack of the Speedy Five, while Elder and Leitner were the only two youths of the Tiger team, who showed any signs of being able to keep up with their speedy opponents.

NETTERS, 17; ORIOLES, 16

Though, "the skin you love to touch" of most of the players on the midget team called Netters, had never been scraped by a razor, yet they received a close shave from the Orioles, whom, in a game that had three over-time periods and a hair-raising finish, they defeated by one point.

Because the Netters taking the lead in the first period of the game, kept it until the last minute, and because their teamwork on the whole was better than that of the Orioles they deserved to win. Welch, who tied the score during the first over-time period and gave his team a two-point lead in the second, played cleverly making 9 of the Netter's 17 points. And when "Dame Luck" chose Wight to win the game during the third over-time period, she picked one who by his fine work all during the game merited that privilege. The same may be said of Binkley, the big noise of the Orioles, who making half of their points, tied the score twice. The first time he tied it a minute before the final whistle, and during the second over-time period he tied it again. Steininger also showed up good for the Orioles, despite the fact that during the third overtime-period he missed a foul shot which, if made, would have tied the score again.

COMETS, 16; SPEEDY FIVE, 9.

There was disappointment in the air, when the players of the Speedy Five team, after winning their first game by a big margin, were forced to look up at the Comets—as being a better team. Bresnan, Rinderly, and Bieler have claim to most of the credit for the victory of the Comets, because of their skill on the hard wood floor not to mention their good shooting. But oh!—of course you have guessed that Vandagriff, Gundlach and Kreutzer did not permit the Comets to win without causing them plenty of trouble.

NETTERS, 15; TIGERS, 12.

It took four seven minute quarters of intense effort for the Netters to accomplish, what skilled hunters could have done in half the time, namely, to enmesh the Tigers.

Elder, with eight points to his credit was the ringleader of the Tigers and set their pace, while Wight, Kuhn and Welch were responsible for the Netters' success in so far that they set the trap in which the Tigers were enmeshed. Woodard of the Tigers and Scholl of the Netters also made their presence felt.

TURNER HALL GOING FULL SWING

The return from the Christmas vacation will be the signal for organized Turner Hall activities to begin. As in the past years some five or six teams will be selected for regular competition with the awarding of letters to the winning team as the main incentive and will form the nucleus of what promises to be a most successful year in local gymnastics.

A new feature introduced during the current year is a proposed boxing tournament which is open to

all who care to participate in this "manly sport." The various weight divisions usually observed by pugilistic organizations will be strictly adhered to, thus assuring fair and equalized bouts. Notices, relative to boxing, wrestling as well as other Turner Hall projects, will be posted from time to time on the bulletin boards. It is hoped that all those fellows who do not usually take part in any of the winter sports, will make it their business particularly to interest themselves in the activities of the local gym.

Humor *by* *Cephalopod*



Indian: Where's that settler I just shot?

American: Right over there—just follow the arrow.

Nasser: What is a coquette?

Reichlin: A small Coca-Cola, of course.

First Soldier: Got any Scars?

Second Soldier: No, but I've got some cigarettes.

And then there is the society woman who got rid of her Spitz because she found out she had been using a horrid word.

Pastorek: Look!—a tack in this doughnut.

Shaw: Tsk!—probably thinks it's an automobile tire.

A young lady entered a stationery store and asked for a pound tin of auto wax.

"I'm sorry, miss," said the clerk, "all we carry is sealing-wax."

"Don't be silly," she snapped. "Who'd want to wax a ceiling?"

The car climbed wildy up a bank,
The driver's face was green;
He'd put his moonshine in the tank
And drank the gasoline.

"Children should be seen and not heard," grandpa warned little Willie.

"You let the child say anything he wants to," bristled his mother.

"I sold three of his bright sayings last month."

Him: What's that awful racket?

Her: Grandma ain't used to her new teeth and just broke a saucer drinking her tea.

The Law (to motorist who has just skidded through a showroom window): Have you any chains?

The Motorist: Sure, what for—half a buck?

Sanger: Say, your glasses are dirty.

Kienly: Thanks. My eyes are bad and I couldn't see it.

Salvation Army Lassie: Won't you give a quarter to the Lord?

Mac: Hoo old air ye, Lassie?

Lassie: Twenty-four.

Mac: Aye, I thot so. I'm oldern ye, and I'll be seeing him afore ye, sae I'll hand it to him myself.

Tatar: I feel like thirty cents.

Wuest: Another evidence that prices have gone up.

Andy: I had an awful time with Amos last night.

Ducky-Wucky: Amos who?

Andy: A mosquito.

"Here's where I lose ground," said the tramp as he slid into the bathtub.

Sunday School Teacher: And what do you do when you're tempted, Johnny?

Advertising Man's Son: Reach for a "Lucky."

First Convict: When I get out of here I'm going to have a hot time, aren't you?

Second Same: Don't know. I'm in for life.

DeCocker: I'm glad that I wasn't born in Greece.

Volin: Why?

DeCocker: I can't understand Greek, you dumb-bell.

"May I kiss you?"

"I should say not!"

P. S. But she didn't.

Spalding: Do you think I have a Palm Olive complexion?

Cross: Well, you do look kind of green.

Anyone can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a hand.

MACK & COMPANY

BOTTLERS OF

Coca-Cola

and

FINE SODA WATERS

Every Bottle Sterilized

Mfrs. of

Pure Ice Cream & Ices

"IT'S A FOOD"

Monon,

Indiana

This Magazine is Printed

by

THE RENSSELAER
REPUBLICAN

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS

PHONE 18

RENSSELAER, IND.

Office Phone 456

Residence 358-Red

IROQUOIS ROLLER MILLS

Ralph Sprague, Prop.

Manufacturers of hard and soft Wheat Flour, Buckwheat,
Graham, Rye and Pancake Flours.

We Specialize in Poultry Feeds.

THE COLLEGE SHOE SHOP.

LOOK AT YOUR SHOES. EVERY ONE ELSE DOES

We specialize in Men's and Boys' Thorogood Shoes
and expert shoe rebuilding.

H. G. ABBETT & CO.

Between the City Hall and New Palace Theatre.

PALACE THEATRE

—COMING SOON—

"Min and Bill," "Abe Lincoln," "Tom Sawyer,"
"Tol'able David," "Sons of Guns," "Reaching for
the Moon," "Fighting Caravans," "The Man Who
Came Back," "Cimmarron."

ALL GOOD ONES

OUTSTANDING VALUES !
CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS
"The Latch Key Hangs Out."

THE CLOTHING HOUSE
of
WILLIAM TRAUB

H. & H. PHARMACY
Everything in the Drug Line
"Visit Our Fountain"
North of Court House

Make a real Pleasure of
Needed Daily Exercise
KANNE & DEWEES
Three doors south of Palace
Theatre

THE DUNES ART STUDIO

Have enjoyed making the Photographs for
the Class of 1930. Only our highest grade
workmanship is used in all school work. We
will be pleased to have our representative call
and submit samples and prices for any class
work.

The Dunes Art Studio

"Gary's Leading Photographers."

527 Broadway

Gary, Indiana.

LEADING PURVEYORS

—to the—

INSTITUTION'S TABLE

43 years' experience in supplying Quality Food Products for institutional and restaurant requirements has perfected our service and our values beyond ordinary comparison.

Our Edelweiss trademark has become the symbol of fine quality foods economically packed. Wherever close and intelligent buying prevails, our Catalog is of interest.

JOHN SEXTON & CO.

Importers—Wholesale Grocers—Manufacturers

CHICAGO

CANDY

SOFT DRINKS

ICE CREAM

GOOD EATS

CHEERFUL SERVICE

Wright's Restaurant

ST. JOE BOYS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME.

When better automobiles are
built Buick will build them.

HARRY A. WILD

Buick Sales and Service

CHAS. J. DEAN & SON

Real Estate, Insurance
and Loans

Rensselaer, Ind.

—See—

BROTHER DAVID

Barber Shop

Tobacconist

Dr. E. F. Sutherland

Dentist

Murray Building

A. WARTENA & SON

General Blacksmithing

Plowwork Horseshoeing

Phone — 112

Rensselaer, Indiana

The "latest" in hair-cuts.

We cater to St. Joe boys.

Cheerful Service

Good Accommodations

ED GILMORE'S BARBER

SHOP

CLARKE—The Jeweler

Where Quality and Service

Count.

Watch Repairing a Specialty

Dr. A. G. CATT

Eye Specialist

Rensselaer, Indiana

Bring Your Guest and Friends to

HOTEL MAKEEVER

for their Sunday Dinners

We Serve the Best

BRING BACK PROSPERITY!

Have your suit pressed by

LOUIE

WORDEN & KELLER

Restaurant and Fountain Service

Most for your Money

PHILIP J. FRECHETTE

"Quality Candies Priced Right"

Our Complete Line Carried by

COLLEGEVILLE CANDY COMPANY

St. Joe Students

Enjoy your refreshments and
hear the Atwater Kent Radio

at

LONG'S DRUG STORE

You Are Always Welcome

DR. KRESLER, M. D.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Rensselaer, Ind.

Dr. Harve Hemphill

DENTIST

Office 104; Residence 559-Black

Rensselaer, Indiana

O'RILEY'S BAKERY

Rensselaer, Indiana

Furnishing the Institution's

BREAD, CAKES, ROLLS AND PASTRIES

Courtesy of

THE TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Rensselaer, Indiana

Quality
Value
Service

J.C.PENNEY CO.

A Good
Store in a
Good Town

If You're Looking for
Values
Always Shop Here

FREE THEATRE TICKETS! !

With every 50c purchase.

Fendig's REXALL Drug Store

SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS AT

**Furnishings
Toilet Goods
"Eats"**

Murray's

**SUITS
Made-to-Order
\$23.50**

DEPARTMENT STORE

DR. W. L. GRANT

Dentist

Above the Fashion

COMPLIMENTS

—of—

HOTEL

HOOSIER INN

HOLDEN

GREENHOUSE

"Say it with flowers"

PLAY GOLF

at the

**UPTOWN INDOOR
GOLF COURSE**

I Door S. of Ford Sales

Compliments of

RENSSELAER CANDY COMPANY

Wholesale Candies

Rensselaer, Indiana

Phone 920-D

Tailoring Mending
RENSSELAER DRY CLEANING WORKS
H. B. Tuteur

Graduation Suits a Specialty
Pressing Dry Cleaning

RENSSELAER X-RAY LABORATORY

X-Ray Photographs—X-Ray Treatments

I. M. WASHBURN, M. D. C. E. JOHNSON, M. D.

WARNER HARDWARE

General Hardware, Stoves
Radios and Electrical Supplies
Phone 61

DR. F. A. TURFLER

A straight backbone works better than a crooked one

CAUSE OF ARTHRITIS DEFORMANS FOUND

Murray Building Phone 300

CALLAHAN & KANNE

The Place to Buy

YOUR COAL

Phone 273

